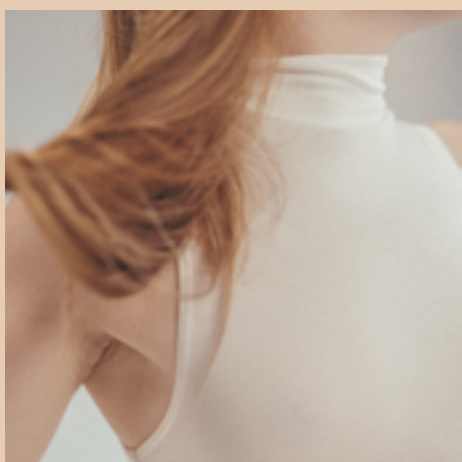
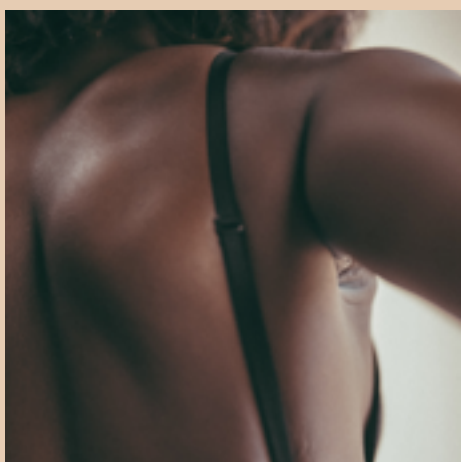
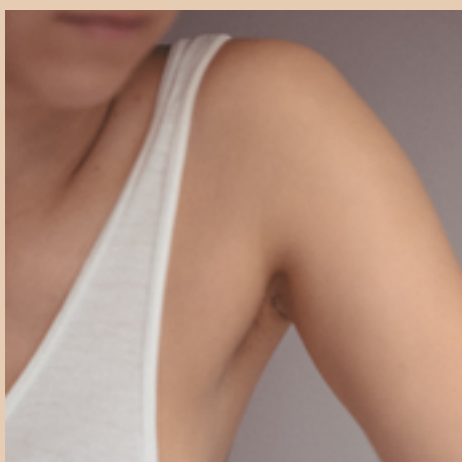
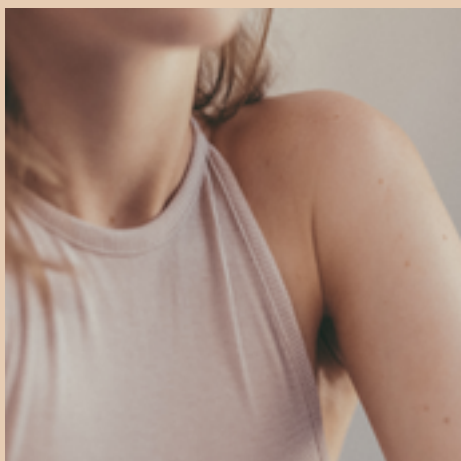


SUMMMER



OR THE PLEASURES OF KISSING FEMALE ARMPITS

written by Aleksandar Vadim

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Pictures at an Exhibition

by
Aleksandar Vadim

INSIDE - GALLERY - EVENING

Géza walks through a gallery that looks like all galleries in the world: bright, industrial, photo prints are hung up and so on. Géza is wearing his neat little jacket again, but this time his hairstyle is more rakish and his white shirt is open a button further. To top it all off, he has grown a moustache.

Géza is in the most menacing of moods and is eating pistachios, the shells of which he holds in his open left hand, while he glances boredly at a few pictures and carelessly greets a few acquaintances. After he has finished eating the pistachios, he drops the shells to the floor in one move, as if it were the natural thing to do, and moves into another room of the gallery.

There, a photograph of an African volcanic landscape finally arouses his interest. He stands in front of it for a long time, contemplating it like the painting of Salome in the first scene. Tchaikovsky begins to play quietly in his head. The camera switches to a higher perspective and shows him from above: He now appears much smaller and the melancholic viewer is now more reminiscent of an eager student. After a few seconds in this perspective, a shadow falls onto Géza's face. The shadow is created by ERTA ALE, a photographer who came to stand closely to him. She is a tall and strong Ethiopian woman who easily towers over him in her high heels.

ERTA ALE

(smiling)

F i n a l l y someone who is interested in
my favourite print.

Géza turns his head towards her and looks into her eyes for a long moment. She holds his gaze. ("Oh, wildcat against wildcat" says a fat little man watching the scene, bemused).

GÉZA

Are you the artist? ... Wait, let me take an educated guess and speculate that you are indeed the artist and that this is in fact not the picture of a volcanic landscape... I think, yes, I have the feeling that this fine piece of Ethiopian art might be nothing less than a self-portrait.

For a few seconds he ostentatiously looks at her armpit (we see it briefly as a **POV**) and then looks up to her eyes again.

ERTA ALE

(smiling)

Oh, looks like we have an expert on Ethiopian art here... Sir, have you perhaps visited my beautiful home country?

Géza remains unimpressed in his attitude of understatement.

GÉZA

I have indeed, and amidst other matchless experiences in Ethiopia I have a vivid recollection of a night I spent at a camp by the seething volcano Erta Ale.

A small ironic smile passes on his face.

GÉZA (CONTD.)

One ardent night, full of irritant vapours, odors and scarlet rash, damasked with eruption.

He pauses for a moment.

GÉZA (CONTD.)

(assertive)

I slept by the volcano once and I will sleep there again.

ERTA ALE

(laughs)

I, Sir – amongst having to admit that your stories are indeed adorable – would like to express the opinion that you are full of shit! And – judging by your naive romantic fantasies of exotic places and the lack of reality you display in your description of such places – I fall under the impression that you have in fact NEVER left your European homeland.

Geza gives a court nod.

GÉZA

Fair play, madame. But let me prove you wrong.

Géza moves away to create some space for himself, undoes the button of his jacket, concentrates and begins to dance a traditional Ethiopian dance: his legs seem to turn to rubber, his palms point inwards and are over his chest and stomach, the fingers have the magic flow, and the two palms rhythmically change positions. His right shoulder moves forward, then his left, and he does the chicken movements with his elbows.

Erta Ale is visibly impressed and joins in for a few moves by his side.

ERTA ALE

Wow! I, Sir, am impressed! You sure know how to move for a whiteboy.

The visitors of the gallery applaud happily and Geza finishes his dance.

GÉZA

Having proven that I have indeed visited this beautiful country of yours I have to admit that in fact my soul has never left it. If I'm not mistaken a bloke called Frederik Nietzsche said...

ERTA ALE

Oh... Friedrik Nietzsche...

GÉZA

...Well, yes, Friedrik, he said that if you gaze long enough into Abyssinia, Abyssinia also gazes into you.

ERTA ALE

A smart man this Mr. Nietzsche...

The mood changes, and both understand what is going to happen. They look into each other's eyes for a long moment.

GÉZA (VOICE OVER)
 (repeating)
 If you gaze long enough into Abyssinia,
 Abyssinia also gazes into you...

INSIDE — EMPTY TOILET — EVENING

Geza and Erta Ale enter an empty toilet in a wild embrace. During the following scene Géza can be heard reciting Arthur Rimbaud's poem *Sun and Flesh* as a voice over.

GÉZA (VOICE OVER)
 The Sun: hearth of tenderness and life,
 Pours burning love on the delighted earth,
 And when you lie down above the valley,
 you can smell
 how earth is nubile and overflowing with
 blood;
 That its immense bosom, lifted by a soul,
 Is of love like God, and of flesh like a
 woman,
 And that it contains — thick with sap and
 rays — The great swarming of all embryos!

Geza pushes Erta Ale against the wall, pulls down her dress, kisses her breast and then slowly moves to her armpit. Erta Ale enjoys it for a few moments, but then she begins to laugh.

ERTA ALE
 Oi... is tickling.

Géza doesn't understand, gives an uncertain laugh and wants to continue. She pushes him away again and keeps him at a distance with her palm outstretched and index finger raised.

ERTA ALE
 Your moustache!

GÉZA
My...Schnauzer?

ERTA ALE
Yes! I hate it! Take it off!

Géza takes a moment to think. He runs two fingers over the spot between his lips and the base of his beard and smiles with amusement, thinks a bit more and then shakes his head. Erta Ale presses him against the wall with one hand.

ERTA ALE
Listen, whiteboy... Did you like your time at the Ethiopian vulcano?

She brings her face close to his.

ERTA ALE (CONTD.)
Do you want to spend a night there again?

She casts a brief ostentatious glance at her armpit and then looks at him demandingly.

ERTA ALE (CONTD.)
Then you better do as I say.

The camera shows Erta Ale's face. She smiles a broad smile that takes up the whole screen.

CROSS DISSOLVE TO:

INSIDE - GÉZA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Géza hangs a picture on the wall. We see the white, smooth spot above the lips of his otherwise tanned face and realize that the picture he has hung is Erta Ale's print from the gallery.

FADE TO
BLACK

